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The St. Jo's Secret.

W. N. H.

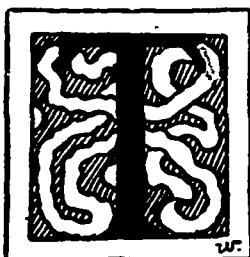
Sweet were the hours I now recall
Along thy banks, dear old St. Jo,
In glad retreat, where waters flow
Neath sheltering trees, a leafy wall
That screened a secret that I know.

Mine was a secret known to few;
Alone I traced thy winding stream,
Roamed on in carelessness supreme,
Yet marked each grace and beauty new
So well they're with me when I dream.

Gone are those joys; yet I am sure
In present time you've cast your spell
Round some new wanderer. Let him tell!
Let him, when time makes him secure,
Sing all thy song, and sing it well.

The Short-Story.

GEORGE J. MACNAMARA, '04.



O the sudden development and great extension of American, French and English periodicals may be attributed the present-day readers' infatuation for the short-story.

Unlike that of the century past, the chief characteristic of this age is brevity, and literature comes in for its share which is none other than that which belongs to the lion. With advantages hitherto unknown it is not incredible that such a vial of concentrated, animated literature, born of the occasion and quickened by approbation, should flourish as does the short story.

The magazines are full of so-called short-stories—stories whose lives extend to

the next issue of the magazine. Most of them, it is true, are merely anecdotes, or, at most, stories whose only quality is brevity. On the face of this ever-increasing supply is stamped the indelible demand of the reading public, a demand that goes to show the key of literary cravings at this epoch of literary history. The great "out-put" of short stories needs no coloring to demonstrate the demand for something that is not only short but which has also the completeness of other works of fiction and draws inspiration from all other fields. The short-story fills a lofty and difficult department of literature that is essentially its own. It is other than a novel, a romance or a sketch. In it are embodied the much-abused three unities of the French classic drama, "one action in one place on one day." Its oneness is its vital principle. One in character, one in event, in emotion or in situation, the short-story unites in itself all the perfection and attractiveness of those more complicated and disjointed forms of literature, the novel and romance, while it excels the sketch in action. These four—the novel, the romance, the short-story and the sketch—form an interesting family, whose boundaries have provoked much controversy. Though it may be hard to differentiate their adjoining points we may readily say that their extremes are far apart.

The short-story has not as yet celebrated its centenary, for, handed down through the hands of genius, genius that found therein a suited garb for masterly efforts, it was born of the mystic mind of Poe, matured as was Athenæ fresh from the head of Zeus. America was its birthplace; Americans, with their natural yarn-spinning propensities, were its nurses, and America feels the influence of its later years. In a word, America is the most prolific field of an American invention.

Though the dash, the fire and spontaneous humor that have grown to be synonymous

with the American name, captivates the interest, though in America the supply and demand exceed that of all other countries, I think I am justified in disagreeing with Mr. Brander Matthews when he says that America has produced the best short-story writers. With the majority of critics I must bow to the nation that has most deeply felt the influence of Poe, and extend to the French the sceptre that sways the domain of the short-story. America and France, the gemini of this literary pursuit, France, the queen of the romance language, and America the king of vigorous conception, earnest and true feeling, who has monopolized and successfully occupied the field of the English-speaking reader, contend with circumstances that flow readily and gracefully in channels equal and alike.

In England there is hardly any demand for the short-story, and so it is to France, vivid and piquant, and to America, naturally turned toward little tales, that we confine this paper, for to them, we may say, the short story belongs.

Before discussing the national diversities of the short-story, let us first enter the realm of this branch of literature, as it is in itself common to both nations. What constitutes a short-story as formulated by American strength and French refinement? What are the constituents of that practically new literary field which has attracted the untiring labors of the French, which has often won renown for Americans in a single production? What are the elements, in other words, that go to make up a short-story as regulated through the devotion of men great in things literary?

Every tale we read in the periodicals, especially in the American newspaper department, is not a short-story. The true short-story is other than the story that is short, although it would be hard indeed to confine or extend its lineal boundaries. The sketch and short-story bear nearer relationship than any of the other products of literary gardens, but the sketch may be defined as a "still" story, one that lacks that "something doing" character of the short-story, and so drops by the wayside from the procession of comparatives. A short-story without action is an impossibility. Something must happen in every work that would claim a shelf in the library devoted to short stories.

The *Novel* and *Romance*, composed of diverse

characters, sentiments and situations, draw to its utmost the cord that binds them to that central point of all art, the pillar of unity. What the novel lacks in unity of impression the short-story claims as its valued trait. Thus it is we see the short-story alone and revered in a literary domain altogether its own, a domain wherein many *littérateurs* served their apprenticeship and many more used to add laurels to their name.

Confined to its own limits by rules great men formulated, the short-story's field is a vast one wherein bloom flowers varied and suited for temperaments that are diametrically opposite. Unlike the novel, there need be no love tale in the short-story. The subject-matter lies entirely subservient to the will of the writer. Any idea whatsoever may be made the subject-matter for a short-story, while the novel, its elongated counterpart, would fail utterly if there were no throbs of love coursing its veins. So far the short-story has more liberties, more privileges than any other branch of literary pursuit, and, as a consequence, offers a far greater number of possibilities both of matter and form.

The matter for a short-story flows, as I have just said, from any spring the writer may meet in the pastures of life where springs spout forth inspirations at every turn. If a subject is unsuited to his temperament, if any falls short of his abilities or surpasses them, if any require a taste greater than that offered by his expectant readers, the author may turn to any of the other unnumbered stores, and no one will say him nay. His is the liberty of matter. His is the privilege of turning anything, be it scientific, mechanical, historical or personal, be it remote or commonplace, into a vehicle of his endeavors on the short-story's roadway.

The short-story writer, a name that has been borne by more than a few of the world's best *littérateurs*, has all the privileges of matter. Provided he develop it along the time-worn path traced by the genius of many writers, is he compelled to embody that endeavour in any specific form? In other words, does the short-story, like some personages, make itself known by the garb that clothes its perfections?

One who has wandered down the long garden lane of short-stories can not answer in the affirmative, for the forms employed by the best writers are as diverse as the peoples that inhabit the globe. Different as are the

forms at an author's command, we naturally expect him to use some logically consistent form.

Poe's name, for example, has become synonymous with the personal narrative which he uses to great effect. His tales deal with the grewsome, and are mirrors of his own abnormal imagination. Mr. James, on the contrary, makes use of an altogether different formation as shown in his "Bundle of Letters."

A short-story may be a composite of many forms. It may be a conglomerate of letters, telegrams, personal experiences, and the rest; it may be an insoluble query as Mr. Stockton's "Lady or Tiger." Be the form what it may, whether modelled on any of the above-mentioned authors or entirely new, there must be, to quote Mr. Brander Matthews, "compression originality, ingenuity and now and then a touch of fantasy." We demand that anyone capable of writing a short-story have in some degree more or less developed the sense of form, that his production may captivate as well by its personality as by its interior qualities. Let him lead with coloring to that crucial point, the climax, that differentiates a short-story from its literary kin, and thence down the declining plot to the denouement with execution that is refined and construction that bears the marks of neatness. Let his sequel be a logical outgrowth of his idea. To reiterate, a short-story, like a well-groomed person, wins recognition or disfavor through the magnet of personal attractiveness.

Mistake me not in dwelling to such a length on the outward appearance of the short-story. Important as is a certain fixed form for each, that form gives way to the idea or subject. "What you have to say is of more importance than how you say it," writes an eminent short-storyist.

As I said, the field before the short-story writer is studded with flowers variegated and of all natures, hence the real writer of short-stories, the one most deserving the name, is he who can cull the best flowers, and not the one who at random gathers but wild the most attractive bouquet. This truly is the point that differentiates the geniuses of France and America. This is the cause of so much rampant opinion. Matter alone elevates the French *conte* above the American short-story, and this is exceptionally shown in the works of Poe and De Maupassant. I choose these two writers, the one as the leader of Americans, the other, his follower, as leader

of the French, because of their close resemblance; in so much as De Maupassant models closely on the writings of Poe, introducing the same supernatural effects and depending, though in a far less certain degree, on that same imagination charged heavily with the creative faculty. There can be no doubt that Poe was the greater genius. In him were utilized those two requisites, a fertile imagination and a close, active power of analysis. Poe, no doubt, made use of that imagination, not necessarily diseased, as say some critics, to its utmost limitations, and his works to-day stand monuments of their kind.

Guy de Maupassant was neither a deep thinker nor a careful analyst. He was a hard worker. His mastery is not his birthright as was Poe's, but it is the outgrowth of diligent, careful application under a master's guidance.

"His chief characteristics," according to Mr. T. M. Parrot, who claims for De Maupassant the supreme mastership of the short-story—forgetting it is likely the Russian Turgeneff—"are versatility in choice of subject, clearness in representation, an easy mastery of incident and character." Each of these easily overcomes the characteristics of Poe, the American master; each adds to the other in strengthening the pedestal of Guy de Maupassant's honor. When we consider these salient features, can any refuse us the right to say, with Mr. Alden of *Harper's Magazine*, that the French writers have attained the highest rank in the *conte*, while the Americans come second. We beg to rejoin, however, with the ancient critic, "nearer the first than the third."

A Benefactor's Secret.

LOUIS J. CAREY, '04.

"So you're Jim Altrock's boy, are you?" said John Owen, the great manufacturer as he sat in his chair in his richly furnished office. "And your father's dead. I never will forget Jim, the biggest-hearted fellow in the world. How did he make out in the West? He never wrote me or anyone else a word."

"At first, as my mother says, everything he touched turned to gold; then gold turned to naught—his failure killed him."

"Your mother—I remember her—way, way back; she was a girl then—I couldn't forget Lucy Heath. She's in the West?"

"No; both father and mother are dead."

For an instant an expression of remorse seemed to cloud the old man's brow, but recovering himself he remarked:

"And you would like a position, you say?"

"Yes, for the present anything would do."

"I presume your father told you to come to me?"

"No," was the reply, "I never heard a word about you until after he had died. In fact, it was but two weeks before mother's death when she said that you would know who I was and be willing to help me."

"Call to-morrow morning at nine when we shall arrange matters."

Harry Altrock couldn't help wondering at the strange, nervous manner of the old man at the mention of his father and especially noticing the expression on his face when repeating the name, "Lucy Heath." Of course Chicago had changed wonderfully in all those twenty-five years since his father had last been there. Indeed he had not found one person who had known him; and as for his mother's relatives they were few, very few, and seemed to have faded from the memory of everyone as though they had never been.

As time went on young Altrock advanced steadily upward. If anyone wanted a favor of Owen they first saw the young man, for even after business hours the two were often seen together, driving or chatting over a dinner at a down-town restaurant. Finally, when John Owen was not the keen, alert man of past years, and vice-president Altrock was the mainspring of the factory and the recognized power, everyone looked upon him as the future heir of the wealthy old bachelor. But, however intimate their friendship seemed to others, there was something in the old man's heart that sought utterance, a mystery to Altrock, although he knew his father and mother had been chiefly concerned.

One day while he was seated in the very chair Owen had occupied, which then seemed as remote from him as a throne to a simple peasant, a telegram was handed to him:

"Come to the house as soon as possible. Mr. Owen is failing rapidly. Desires to see you. Very important. Signed,—G. E."

When Altrock arrived the patient was in a stupor, but at the sound of the visitor's voice he opened his eyes as if he were but awakening from a healthy sleep. After ordering his attendants from the room he addressed Altrock in a normal tone of voice:

"The doctors say I can't live long, but

before I die, let me give you this key to the little chest in that upper drawer."

Altrock took the key and produced the chest.

"But I shall depend upon your honor to obey me to the letter. Don't open it until I am gone. You promise?"

"I do," replied Altrock.

A great weight seemed to have been suddenly lifted from the old man's mind and as his memory wandered through his early years for the last time, a smile lingered on his lips and he would reiterate "Lucy, Lucy." A slight gasp and Owen was no more.

Altrock was now free to examine the chest, but it seemed almost sacrilegious in the presence of that old face now stern in death to pry open the inmost secrets of the heart.

On raising the cover his eye caught sight of a picture—a picture of Owen and his mother, when they were both young and happy, he hardly of age and she a mere girl. What changes the succeeding years had wrought! The secret though was still unknown. Underneath the picture lay an envelope bearing the name John Owen, the writing of which Altrock straightway recognized. He began to read:

"ZANOMA, April 6, 186—

"DEAR JOHN:—I can not help but think of what almost resulted from your rash deed. Jim is improving and will live. But try to realize the state of affairs had your aim been true. Don't blame Jim, for it wasn't his fault. He loves me; I love him, nor would I ever be happy with anyone else. Even now he bears you no ill will, and believe me he will be the last to divulge the secret which is unknown to all save us three. If you still bear us revenge, let your good sense overcome it, or if you ever think of me try to picture me as one long dead. Do forgive and forget.

LUCY ALTROCK."

Thanksgiving's Gloaming.

MEMORY kinder drags me back'ards
And Thanksgiving leaves me lone
When I think of days we conjured
With the forked turkey bone;

When the pine fire kept a-dancing
Golden arrows all aglow
Over merry, laughing faces—
Faces faded long ago.

Then Thanksgiving meant rejoicing.
Friends and kinsmen far and nigh,
Now are falling from that circle
As Thanksgiving embers die. G. J. M.

Varsity Verse.

RONDEAU.

BEFORE the hearth the youngsters gay
Are playing in a joyful way,
Without, the blust'ry night-winds blow,
And beat the pane with tinkling snow
And deck the wood in white array.

The breakers dash the shore with spray,
The ships are straining in the bay,
But happy we, all free from woe,
Before the hearth.

The old man smiles to see us play—
He has in mind a by-gone day—
Pictures of youth pass to and fro
The old-time comrades come and go;
But now they're gone, they will not stay
Before the hearth.

T. P. I.

UNCLE JOE'S DEFENSE.

Dey's Eldah Brown en Eldah Jones
En Pabson Jackson Bu'ch—
Who heps de singen every time,
En preaches at de chu'ch—
Hab told me dat dey sure to be
A comin' round dis way,
Because dey kinda laks mah place
To spend Thanksgivin' Day.

En Dinah, she's been up befo'
Ah eber got to bed,
For am a fact w'en Pahsons come
Dey alls must sure be fed.
Though possum dinnehs am de best—
Yet chicken sure am sum,
En Pahsons when dey's ettin, wont
Ask whab dem chickens frum?

It am de strangest thing to me,
Wen Phasons come around,
Dat chickens am de scarcest things
Which eber can be found.
It looks as w'en de Pahsons come
De chickens somewhat know,
En get upon de highest roost
En squawk, en squawk, en crow.

Ah spect ah am not doin' right
But what ah goin' to do?
For Pahsons lak dem chickens sure
Dey laks dem thro en thro.
But if I'd ask de Eldahs en
De Pahson, dey would say
It ain't no harm nor stealin' if
Dey fu Thanksgivin' Day.

G. T. S.

HER ANSWER.

I asked her softly would she wed,
And she replied to me:
"I surely will." And then I said,
"Oh joy! Oh ecstasy!"
But then she bade me wait
Till she had quite got through—
"Of course I'll wed, but when I mate
It will not be with you." A. S. H.

TO SOME READERS.

YOU wouldn't damn our verses if you knew
How they worry all the editors you view
Dashing off in search of rime,
Using much of precious time,
Seeking melody sublime,
Just for you.

Just try, yourself, a little verse to write,
And pen a line that's snappy, terse and light.
Keep your pessimistic views;
Speak a word that shall amuse,
That shall drive away the blues—
Something bright.

G. E. G.

BREAKFAST FOOD.

A young man called for the bill-of-fare
In a small hotel one day,
And coolly with a stiffening stare,
The waiter called his way

"I use 'Force'"—in awful tones,—
The waiter new was he,—
They clinched—an awful crash of bones,—
The waiter—"Huh!"—punched—"See!"

The landlord wild came rushing in,
From the waiter asked the source
Of all this fight and awful din,
He said—"I, too, use force."

B. V. K.

RONDEAU.

At eventide the shadows shy
Fall on the landscape and the cry
Of bird and beast together blends,
And in a hymn of praise ascends,—
Thanksgiving for the day gone by.

For though one can not answer why,
He seeks himself to justify,
And for all evil make amends,
At eventide.

And yet we all must testify,
Across our minds sweet visions fly
Of other times, of home and friend,
Such thoughts, the earthly thing transcend—
We seem at peace with low and high
At eventide.

L. M. F.

ESTRANGEMENT.

The "Man without a country"
May have troubles without end,
But the one whose woes are greater
Is he that lost a friend.

It may be a hasty quarrel,
Perhaps an angry blow;
The one may sadly rue it,
The other doesn't know.

And so two live in anger
Till their hair is turned to snow,
Two friendly hearts embittered,
Because one didn't know,

H. S.

The Way of a Bachelor.

STEPHEN F. RIORDAN, '04.

"Well, that means fifty dollars in the treasury," said George Thompson as he looked up from the paper which he held before him.

"How is that?" asked his friend, Burlingame, to whom the remark had been directed.

"Why, here is a notice of the marriage of Henry Whitman, Chicago, and Ellen Norcott, Bloomington. The ceremony took place at Bloomington last Saturday. The parents of the bride were present. The newly-wedded couple will reside in Chicago, where the groom is employed as a traveling salesman for the firm of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett and Co."

Burlingame remained discreetly silent for a short while.

"I'll tell you how it was," said he slowly. "You know Harry and I organized the Bachelors' Club; he was elected president, I vice-president. The organization thrived under his energetic management, and you were not the only one, who in a short time was anxious to join our ranks. It was only a year ago, right after his vacation, as you know, that it was generally observed by everyone that the president's interest in the club was flagging. It was all the result of his meeting with Miss Norcott. They were both spending their vacation at the same summer resort in the dells of Wisconsin, she with her parents and sister, he along with me. Chance having thrown them together quite often Cupid did the rest. The days passed all too soon, and the young couple parted with mutual pledges of love, Harry to return to his work as salesman for the hardware firm, and she home with her parents. Whitman managed to make occasional visits to Bloomington, presumably on business but really to see his sweetheart. However, notwithstanding his good character and position, the parents of the girl considered that her marriage to a commercial traveler would not conform with their plans for her social betterment, and they forbade him to see or communicate with her any more, and promised that she should wed the son of the owner of the Bloomington State Bank. Harry had laid his plans also, and about a month ago eloped with Ellen Norcott.

On arriving in Chicago the young couple immediately drove to the Wellington Hotel

and registered, intending to procure a license and be married the afternoon of the same day. The elopement had not been as successful as it was planned to be, for on the next train came John Norcott and his wife who had hastily followed their daughter in order to prevent the marriage. Strange mischance, they also registered at the Wellington, but unaware of the presence of the objects of their quest in the same house.

That afternoon as planned Harry determined to secure the license and be married, and having escorted his affianced to a carriage he ordered the driver to wait while he returned for his overcoat which he had forgotten. When he again emerged from the hotel he entered the carriage which contained, as he thought, his intended bride and was driven rapidly away. Not a word was spoken during the journey to the office of the city clerk, and imagine his consternation when on arriving there he assisted from the carriage—not the woman of his choice but her mother. Of course Harry had no alternative but to return to the hotel, and there he found Ellen and her father, who had made a similar mistake and found in the carriage instead of his wife his daughter."

"What did they do then?" Thompson asked.

"The parents didn't do anything but forgive them," replied his friend; and the wedding, as you know, took place last Saturday. Harry asked me to be best man, and although the acting president of a bachelor club, I could not refuse, especially when Miss Jennie Norcott was to be bridesmaid.

"Well, here is where I get off; and, by the way, if you meet any of the boys tell them I am afraid the Bachelors' Club will soon need a new president," said Burlingame as he left the car.

A few months later some of the members of the club were surprised to hear of the wedding of Robert L. Burlingame and Jennie Norcott; but George Thomson wondered not.

A Portrait.

TELEFORD PAULLIN.

Her tranquil brow so white and fair is crowned
With hair that shames the raven's ebon wing,
And holds a rose, a willing captive, bound.
Neath drooping lids shine eyes that now might fling
Fierce scorn in flames or melt into a gleam
As glad as sunbeams dancing on a stream.

After the Dance.

MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04.

The annual harvest festival was drawing to a close, and the little village of Perrysburg was again lapsing into its accustomed quiet. All day long the streets were thronged with visitors and farmers from the surrounding counties. Races, games, speeches, and a picnic dinner had formed the day's programme; and towards evening the old folks had withdrawn, but the younger ones had considered the dance the climax of the day's enjoyment. So when the band struck up the first waltz, the rustic youth and simple beauty from all the countryside were assembled.

But now it was all over, and John Black was decidedly elated, because he had just left Nell; and more than that he had been to supper with her; he had had the first and last dances with her, and finally had taken her home. It was seldom that he could count on such pleasure as this in his struggle with her popularity; but when he gained the victory the reward seemed doubly great.

So he was in high spirits when he climbed into his buggy and started home. The night was very dark, but he didn't pay any attention to that; he wasn't in any great hurry, and besides old Jef knew every step of the way. As they came out of town, and over the crest of the hill down to the river road, John sort of dozed away. They passed the old fort, and swung across the bridge to the north river road. At the end of the bridge the road was built up and very narrow, so it had the reputation of being a dangerous place, and many weird stories were current concerning it.

But in John's mind there was no place for any fear. Before his eyes was the animated scene of the ball; in his ears rang the strains of the last dance, and his thoughts were of the little girl he had just left over the crest of the hill.

In his revelry he had not noticed how far his horse had dragged him through the sand. But he soon realized that he was cold; so he stirred Jef up a bit, and found that he was already on the old battlefield. He crossed the "rim" of the saw-mill, and knew that under the elm to the right was the spot where Simon Gerty, the renegade half-breed, had burned his white captives at the stake. He had

often heard how a laggard at the mill had once seen the faint outlines of that awe-inspiring group; and all the valley knew and believed in the weird vigil which brought Gerty back to watch over the charred bones of his victims. John shuddered as he passed the spot—his former animation and the excitement of the dance had given way to an enfeebling reaction. The silence of the night was oppressive, yet he seemed to hear the subdued sound of violent motions; and though alone on the unfrequented road he seemed to feel that the place was crowded.

Jef had settled down to an easy trot that soon brought them to the Indian graveyard. John couldn't help noticing the thrill that ran through his nerves when his horse stumbled on a rut at the edge of the clearing, for in that clearing were the graves of hundreds of Indian warriors who had gone down before the flooding tide of invading civilization. He remembered the stories of the war dance which had been seen here on several occasions, and by a trustworthy witness he had been told of the time the terrible war-cry of the Ottawas had rung out over the river bottoms. And now to-night in the deep silence of the place, while the dense darkness baffled his eyes, he thought the gentle summer wind bore to his ear that same cry of battle, that tocsin calling the nations to war.

As if charmed by some inhuman spell he stopped his horse, and a strange curiosity impelled him to turn from the road. Around the solitary shaft of marble he thought he saw a crowd assembling; and then when he looked again, he saw the shaft was not of marble, but a fire of hemlock knots that sent its flames straight upward; and then the group became a crowd of howling, leaping savages, brandishing their tomahawks on high, then hurling them at a painted post, now crouching to the earth in silence, now with terrible yells, springing like wild beasts upon some imaginary foe.

And still while he looked he saw the proud form of the chieftain as he stood like a statue observing the dance. John's approach attracted his attention. And, like a flash, the tall warrior was upon him. He bore him to the ground, bound him, dragged him to the fire, and then went on with the mazes of the frenzied dance. As John lay there bound, and gagged, he caught a glimpse of the old chief's daughter who sat at the feet of her father. His heart almost stopped when

their eyes met—what did it mean? Had he gone mad? It was Nell. The recognition was mutual and instantaneous. Instantly she sprang to her feet with a single cry and pointed] into the darkness. The eyes of the chief followed the direction of her finger, then swift as a shadow she darted to where the captive lay and with a sharp shell cut the thongs which tied him. He caught her in his arms and sprang to the back of a pony. The warriors turned, but too late. John was bearing away his prize. They saw the trick and rushed in pursuit. The foremost of them proved too fleet of foot for the overburdened horse on the uncertain trail. He overtook them, and by a deft jerk, tripped the poor animal.

In a moment the band was upon them. John knew what fate the frenzied wrath of the savages would grant him and the girl. With all the violence of desperation he struggled against them. Their tomahawks had wounded both his arms: he staggered under their blows, his head reeled; the exertion completely exhausted him; he made a last frantic effort, then collapsed—

Jef had come to a rather sudden stop at the barnyard gate, and the jar slid John off the seat. He bumped his head against the dashboard and woke up. He was numb with cold; his neck was cramped, the lines were wound round his wrists. The excitement and exertion of the day, the picnic dinner and the evening dance had all conspired to make John the leading actor in a melodramatic performance commonly called a nightmare.

The Annexation of Canada.

H. KEMPER, '05.

The question of the annexation of Canada to the United States is by no means a new one. As early as 1776 provision was made in the eleventh article of our Confederation for the admission of Canada into the Union—a measure formulated shortly after the passing of New France into English hands.

At the dawn of our Republic, hostility existed between us and England, and numerous Tories crossed the border to sow the seed of hatred against our government. Does this enmity still exist, or has it been buried with the changeful years? This is a most important question for the advocates of annexation to

answer; for the tyrannical imposition of a government will certainly not be endured.

The Canadian population may be conveniently divided into two classes: the loyalists, who rest content with England's suzerainty, and the French, who are more favorably disposed toward us. Of the former it must be said that they are feebly contending against an ever-weakening allegiance. England dare not abandon her American possession for fear of the dangerous precedence it would establish for her disunited colonies. But England's rule over Canada is purely nominal; her interests may be measured by her investments on this continent, and for the rest, her knowledge of Canadian affairs is no greater than that of the Australian. Nor are the Canadian English any more concerned with the Indies than we are with one of the heavenly bodies. In the event of unjust demands or taxations by the home country, the staunchest Royalist would as gladly knock at Uncle Sam's door as his French countrymen. Moreover, hostility is not so much to be feared from people bound to us by ties of race, language and customs.

However, some who oppose annexation venture to assert that the antagonism comes from the French Canadians, and that this class not having been anglicized will not be Americanized. Must these persons be reminded that the French readily conformed to our laws and customs after the purchase of Louisiana, and that over half a million French Canadians have come to settle in New England? The French are not very enthusiastic subjects of far-away England. Their submission is dependent on the liberty they enjoy, and even this is accepted with the reluctance of a conquered people. Many of their forefathers who could dispose of their property returned to France rather than endure British rule. Such being the disposition of our northern neighbors, we may safely conclude that a barrier of ill-feeling no longer exists between us.

But however small England's interest in Canada may be, ours is of great importance, considering the nourishment we give and derive from Canada not alone in developing but also in populating. We hear the problem of Canada's destiny discussed on both sides of the Great Lakes, and the opinion is steadily gaining support that Canada will eventually become ours. Without doubt the prosperity of the country contributes largely to our own

well-being. Our transportation lines by rail and water are dove-tailed with hers; our capital, our machinery and our labor are developing her industries, and if there were no flag distinction we would reap a still greater harvest from her rich lands and mines. With the growth of her industries, the tide of immigration would turn to her unoccupied lands; her productive powers would multiply, her resources increase, and we would share in her thriving condition. Nature did not intend a tariff wall to separate us from Canada. This barrier is as ruinous for Canada as it would be for Indiana were this State similarly fenced off from the rest of the Union. With free trade, or annexation, we, no less than Canada, would secure valuable markets for export goods. The weight of this consideration becomes evident when we reflect that every Canadian, man, woman and child, buys over \$25 worth of American-made goods annually.

If the potent agency of the almighty dollar is not self-sufficient to effect this union, then there remains one of two extremes: colonization or depopulation, either one of which will decide the destiny of the Dominion. In proportion to the population there are more Canadian immigrants in the United States than of any other country. Our emigration into Canadian fields is equally significant. It remains for time to tell whether or not Canada and the United States will mutually merge into one flourishing republic. This friendly, or at least neutral, attitude of our neighbors, this necessary commercial relationship and this intimate intermingling of one and the same race of people, will all tend sooner or later to political union.

Let us now inquire whether the advantages to be accrued from this union would overbalance the many disadvantages. It may be seen at a glance that the collection of revenues would be immensely facilitated; the fugitives from justice would find no retreat across the Lakes; and our policy of peace and of a small standing-army would be promoted. The troublesome fishery problem would be ultimately solved, as has been the Klondike boundary dispute.

On the other hand, many political questions just as grave would arise. For instance, there are sixty-four Indian tribes in Canada to be provided for. Unlike the United States, Canada grants over a \$1,000,000 annually in ship subsidies, fishery bounties and aid to immigrants.

Would we continue this policy? Would we retain governmental ownership of the railroads and canals? It is this expenditure in canals, railways and other useful public works—amounting to about \$200,000,000 since 1867—that largely makes up Canada's public debt. Added to this amount are \$109,000,000 of Provincial debts which were assumed at the Confederation. Thus we see that her total debt, per capita, is more than three times that of the United States, excluding our heavily-morgaged railroads. However, the Dominion can clear a great part of her debt by the sale of her unoccupied lands, the colonization of which would receive added stimulus under American rule.

Some anti-expansionists assert that Canada objects to our political standard. This objection might have availed when Canada's politics were purer and ours worse than they are to-day. Those who still urge this assertion are blind to the fact that, for example, in 1881, when our senate passed into Republican hands, only one of its officers was removed and that for disloyalty, whereas about the same time Sir John A. MacDonald on retiring from office increased many salaries and made numerous appointments by two of which Mr. Lilley became Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick and Mr. Crawford became Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. It is no particular pleasure for the Canadian people, numbering less than the population of New York State, to pay annually two and a half million dollars to its head officials and various parliaments.

Our standard of morals, we must confess, is, in some measure, inferior. Canada, according to Cardinal Gibbons, granted eight divorces a year on an average for the twenty years after the Confederation (1867-1887), while we granted annually, during the same interval, twenty thousand. Moreover, Canada has dealt with the Indians, opened up the great Northwest, worked the rich mines of British Columbia, built thousands of miles of railways, and all without one lynching!

It is plainly evident that Canada could govern herself if by some chance or other she would be freed of the nominal rule of England. If she then court our protection, the time will be at hand to solemnize our union with this richly-dowered neighbor. That such union would allay fears, destroy prejudice, and prove beneficial to the people of both countries we see little reason to doubt.

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—President's Day will be observed next Monday and never heretofore on such an occasion has Notre Dame had greater reason for rejoicing. The striking progress made in every department, especially during the last year, attest the wisdom and ingenuity of the man at the helm. The standard and efficiency of the college have been raised and more ample provisions have been made for the comforts of the students. That the students are appreciative we well know, and we are sure the exercises on Monday will be a fitting expression of the esteem in which Very Rev. President Morrissey is justly held by all at Notre Dame.

—Some pretentious critics point to the daily paper as the great foe to the acquirement of literary finish. The avowed purpose of the daily is to furnish its readers with a record of passing events, not to cultivate a polished style, though there are a few notable instances where it accomplishes both. That it is not unmindful of inculcating a taste for literature is also true as has been well exemplified by the practice of the *Chicago Tribune* which for a considerable time past has published daily a choice bit of verse by some of the great masters, under the title, "Poems you ought to know." Each selection is well chosen and appropriately illustrated, and there is no telling the high pleasure the paper has thus afforded thousands of readers. We are glad to see the example of the *Tribune* followed by other journals.

—In the past some doubt has been felt as to whether a student that has taken a college course has not lost time. This uncertainty, as to the utility of such a training for practical business purposes, may have been the reason why, sometimes, boys with little education have been allowed to leave school and begin a trade. To-day, however, a change is beginning to show itself. The business manager and some of the large corporations are eager to employ the college man. They have come to realize that the college graduate is best fitted to undertake the work. They do not want him "for the wisdom that may be stitched in the lining of his cap," but because his mind has been developed by his course of studies, and he is able to prove more useful than one who has not had a college education. The college man has every reason now to be hopeful, seeing that such a change is coming over those to whom he may have to look for employment.

—Some place or other in our meagre library rests, in undisturbed quietude, a well-worn saw. Where it comes from—well, that's another question. It is one of those sparks emanating from the humdrum of Genius' workshop, applicable in an especial degree to the student faction of the American people. Here goes: "Man does not live by bread alone, nor by work alone; but he needs a great deal of play." The American people, whose only recreation is at the quick-lunch counter, with watch in one hand and in the other a piece of pie—like, "that's why I left home,"—are great wasters of mental and physical vitality.

To be sure, we acknowledge the fact that a student is a student, but the American student, with a cranium overbalanced, looks well nowhere but on parade. Where is such a one going to acquire that real American essential, "the power to git up and git."

Some time past we chanced to look over a bunch of students. On their faces were the stamps of that grind, grind, grind, clutching at the mortar which had dropped from the rocks of their foundation. Fresh air was made for others than are the care of "Fresh Air Funds." They have not formed a merger.

While we have a chance, let us make Americans of ourselves; Americans that are not afraid to rest and play—not the races but romping, health-producing play that compels the veins to recognize the power of that

machine downstairs which is pumping enervating liquid through the many flats of man's anatomy. "*Carpe*—something," said the Latin poet. Translated to the ignorant this means "Cop onto your recreation time like a man that's got something to do and doesn't care how well he does it."

—No longer shall the farmer who refused to sit on a soap box at the country store be held in disdain. To him, to us, and to all the adherents of nature, whose lavatory exercises have been a source of ridicule and whose soap bill has been as minute as the impurity found at Ivorydale, belong all encomiums usually pronounced for men whose efforts have been directed towards something.

According to a recent opinion of an English scientist soap is not a necessary sanitary adjunct; and to its use he is inclined to attribute many of the physical ills that afflict his countrymen. After a due perusal of history we have come to the insurmountable fact that a latheriferous household article bothered Adam and his immediate descendants as little as did the anger-provoking collar-button.

If our far-off progenitors needed not an article that employs all the advertising agents extant, why should we in an age of tailors and smoke inspectors use anything to counteract the same natural oils that laved the dust of paradise from our forefather's body. True it is that soap cuts the dirt quicker than do the oils created for that purpose, but what is time to us who can catch up at our meals? We have ever been a strong antagonist of the sweet-scented lather producer and we are too old now to retract. Who can doubt that before the days of Trust, with their utter disregard for smoke ordinances, there were few skin diseases. All the blotches that deck the face may be attributed to the excessive use of soap. Soap opens the pores for disease and cold; soap poisons the oil glands; soap distorts the facial symmetry. Soap is the cause of all these evils, and as such should be held afar. This we pride ourselves on doing. Mistake us not in advocating the natural oils as the means of removing dirt from the body, to encourage dirtiness. Far be it from us who perform our weekly ablution with the fidelity of the diurnal transition to cast the least reflection on those holding opposite views. We not only advocate soap for them, but even a

scrubbing brush, if needs be. But this is wandering from our point.

God made oils for the human body. Why not use them, or at least don't give us the laugh for preferring that lather which is older, better and less horsey than is used by some of our contemporary scientists.

—At Thanksgiving there are always many original suggestions either as to the quantity of thanks that should be given for present prosperity, or as to the means whereby such thanks could be better tendered. The man who is thankful in his heart is sure to find some adequate expression for his feelings. However, the physical man is most closely associated with the mental and moral man, and certainly acts as a better medium when contemplative over a satisfying turkey dinner. And speaking of the indispensable turkey again forces to the front the very much-mooted question of the real American bird. With all its tradition and historical perspective, the American eagle suffers an annual eclipse, and the almanacs assisted by the President's Proclamation invariably have the gastronomical conditions favorable about the last Thursday in each November. There are other partial eclipses and ornithological disturbances at the holiday week; still the American eagle figures in but one total yearly eclipse, and this must be laid to the dish of the steaming and stuffed Thanksgiving turkey. There are those who would depose the eagle and enthrone the turkey. That would at least be cruel. The turkey gobbler is a proud bird and of exemplary behavior on state occasion; but this behavior is a most relative matter and its evolution the result of the survival of sleep-destroying sauces and foreign cookery. On the other drum stick, the talons and pose of the American eagle make him most imposing. Then there are many sentimental and unlike memories connected with the eagle. Though his impression is stereotyped, it is a reassuring sight when beheld on minted coins in one's possession. Altogether, the orbits of the birds are equally large and there is no danger of fiction or collision except on the above-named occasions. And even on them, while the eagle has to be paid in purchase of the turkey, the turkey in turn is sold. Let there be peace between the two indispensable American birds!

Our Goal Line Still Uncrossed.

The game last Saturday at Toledo with the Ohio Medics proved rather easy for our speedy representatives. Thirty-five points were rolled up in less than forty minutes, the scores being made on long end runs and straight line plunges. The Medics proved a softer proposition than expected, and at no time did they approach within hailing distance of our goal, while their linemen were utterly powerless before the terrific onslaughts of our backs.

Ideal football weather greeted the players, but the cold, raw air made it decidedly unpleasant for the spectators. The crowd that turned out to witness the struggle was disappointing, little over a thousand, and they were about evenly divided in their sympathies. The Doctors, confident of lowering Notre Dame's colors, had brought a train load of rooters to cheer them on, but after the first few plays, they were as silent as lamp posts. Notre Dame's supporters were there strong with several improvised yells, but outside of this there was hardly any applause, the game lacking that concerted rooting which is one of the essentials of college sport.

The game itself was but loosely played, Notre Dame doing brilliant work only at times. The Buckeyes worked hard all through, but the Notre Dame defence and offence was too much for them. The Varsity, too, was a little off color, displaying only in spurts that speed and accuracy for which they have become noted. The play that worked the greatest havoc with the embryo Doctors was a sort of revolving wedge, which was generally good for from eight to ten yards. But few spectacular plays were made, and in these Shaughnessy generally figured. He cut loose for several long end runs, one of them netting ninety yards. This run was made possible by the best and most perfect interference ever given by a Notre Dame eleven, the entire back-field, Silver and McGlew aiding the runner the entire length of the field. This was practically the best play of the day, and called forth many rounds of applause for our "shaggy-haired end," as the Toledo papers call him. Nyere and Lonergan also added several more long runs to their list.

THE GAME.

Captain Salmon won the toss and selected

the south goal, and Lloyd kicked off. Cullinan returned it fifteen and then Salmon, Lonergan, and Nyere were dashed against the Medics' breastworks for good, consistent gains, bringing ball to forty-five yard line.

"Jepers" Cullinan ripped off three through tackle; McGlew forced his way past Sickles for eight, and then "Shag" added ten more. From here Lonergan, Nyere and Salmon carried the ball to the two-yard line, Salmon carrying the ball over after five minutes and thirty seconds of play. Salmon kicked goal.

Salmon kicked off to Mace, who returned it twenty-five when he was nailed by McGlew. After a couple of ineffectual attempts to dislodge our line, Edwards tried a trick play, but was tackled so hard by Nyere that he fumbled the ball, and Shaughnessy secured it. McGlew, Salmon and Lonergan carried it on gains of from eight to ten yards to the eighteen-yard line, where Notre Dame was penalized twenty yards. Shaughnessy made this up on next play with a thirty-yard run, and Lonergan and Salmon brought it to goal line where the captain went over and kicked goal. On the next kick-off the Medics got the ball, and after making forty-five yards were held safe. On the very first play, Shaughnessy circled Edwards' end for a ninety-yard run to a touchdown. Salmon kicked out to Nyere who heeled it in front of goal and Salmon booted it over. After Notre Dame had secured the ball on the next kick-off and carried it down the field to the Medics' twenty-five-yard line, time was called. Score, Notre Dame, 18; Medics, 0.

In second half, McInerny replaced McGlew at end. "Mac" was pretty badly shaken up in first-half, getting a bruised leg and battered nose, but gamely stuck it out to the end. Salmon booted the ball to Mace who regained fifteen. Mace and Spencer made three fruitless efforts to gain, and Notre Dame secured the ball. On a quarter-back play, little Silver covered fifteen yards. Three times in succession, our gallant captain plunged through the line, twelve yards resulting. Nyere added six more on two trials, and then "Happy" tore through to the goal line fifteen yards away. Salmon kicked goal. Again Salmon booted the ball to the Ohioans. Notre Dame immediately proved impregnable, and ball went over on close formation play. "Happy" reeled off thirteen yards; Shaughnessy added eight, and on next play "Happy" went over for a touchdown and Salmon kicked goal.

Spencer failed to handle Salmon's kick-off,

but Mace rescued the ball and gained fifteen yards. A long pass was attempted and fumbled by Mace, and Salmon fell on the ball. Nyere carried the pigskin six yards, and then Salmon plugged along for twenty with three Doctors hanging to him. Nyere went five yards to touchdown; Lonergan failed to kick goal. O. M. U. kicked to Salmon, and the Varsity quickly rushed it down the field to thirty-yard line, when darkness put an end to the struggle with twelve minutes of second half still left to be played. Score—Notre Dame, 35; Medics, 0.

THE LINE-UP.

OHIO MEDICS			NOTRE DAME
Edwards	R E	L E	McInerny, McGlew
Loughry	R T	L T	Cullinan
Thompson	R G	L G	Beacom
Portz	C	C	Sheehan
Kelso	L G	R G	Steiner
Howard	L T	R T	Furlong
Sickles	L E	R E	Shaughnessy
Earson	Q B	Q B	Silver
Spencer	R H	L H	Lonergan
Lloyd	L H	R H	Nyere
Mace	F B	F B	Salmon, Capt.

Touchdowns—Salmon, 2; Nyere, 2; Shaughnessy, Lonergan. Goals kicked—Salmon, 5. Referee—Herschberger, Lake Forest. Umpire—Gaston, Cleveland. Head linesman—Chapman, Toledo. Timers—Baker, O. M. U.; Ragan, Notre Dame. Time of halves—Twenty-five min. Score—Notre Dame, 35; O. M. U., 0.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

Among the other old students noticed among the rooters were George Covert, an ex-Varsity man, John Cavanaugh, Toledo, Ohio; and A. J. Pendleton, Columbus, Ohio.

The Toledo *Times-Bee* says of Shaughnessy: "Shaughnessy, the shaggy-haired end, was especially prominent. This big fellow, who looks ponderous when inactive, is a whirlwind when he gets agoing, and his one run of ninety yards and others for thirty and twenty-five were the spectacular features of the game."

"The Notre Dame interference was compact, and held together despite the buffetings of the Medics' forwards. The backs would form quickly, and with Salmon as the pivot would sweep around the ends with telling effect, making anywhere from five to twenty-five yards on every attempt. McGlew, who went into the game with a bad shoulder, injured in the Northwestern game, was a good ground-gainer, and his playing was of a high order while he was in. Although battered and injured

several times, he pluckily remained in the game, and figured conspicuously until the end of the first half, when he was replaced by McInerny."

The Varsity men wish to return thanks to Paul J. Ragan, a graduate of Notre Dame in '97 and '00, for his kind and generous treatment during their stay in Toledo. Paul is still remembered at Notre Dame as one of her best debaters and orators and also for the interest he took in athletics. He was editor of the SCHOLASTIC.

Frank Vogel of Columbus, O., and Emmett Smith of Delaware, Ohio, students of Notre Dame, came down on the Columbus excursion and showed their loyalty to Notre Dame by rooting for our men until the end. That's the proper spirit.

Among the most prominent of Notre Dame's rooters at the game was Clement Staudt, of Tiffin, O., one of the best guards that ever donned a Notre Dame uniform. Clem was very enthusiastic over the game, and says he has been following Notre Dame's work this year with the greatest delight and interest.

Thursday three teams besides the Varsity played away from home.

Brownson second team played Howard Park at Springbrook. The score was 6 to 6, Howard Park making their touchdown in the last two minutes of play. Sorin Hall and Valparaiso also battled to a tie, 0 to 0.

The Brownson Hall first team played an excellent game against Michigan City Athletic Club, a team averaging 180 pounds. Score, 5 to 0 in favor of the M. C. A. C.

The second team of Carroll Hall defeated the Chopin Parks Thursday by a score of 6 to 0. Gallart's all-around playing being the feature. It was the first time this year that the Chopin Parks have been beaten.

The Inter-Hall Championship still remains undecided, Brownson and Sorin not having as yet agreed on a date. We hope they will get together soon and settle the question of supremacy.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

Card of Sympathy.

The students of Sorin Hall deeply sympathize with their prefect, Reverend James Ready, C. S. C., whose brother died recently at Leetonia, Ohio.

BENJAMIN R. ENRIQUEZ

ANTOINE C. STEPHAN

JOSEPH J. MEYERS

MICHAEL J. SHEA

P. J. MACDONOUGH—*Committee.*

Personals.

—William Dalton, Law '00, has a flourishing law practice at Elkhart, Ind.

—C. H. Cleekamp, student '90, is a successful lawyer at Fort Wayne, Indiana.

—George Moxley, student '01, is connected with the Moxley Butterine Co. of Chicago.

—Dr. Francis Barton, who was a student in '96, is practising his chosen profession at Danville, Ills.

—J. Wertin, a student in '01, is making an enviable record in the Houghton School of Mines, Houghton, Mich.

—Pierce Murphy, a former student, is still a prominent member of the faculty at the West Point Military Academy.

—T. T. Cavanaugh, centre-rush on the Varsity in '95, '96 and '97, was a guest of the University during the past week.

—Henry Luhn, who was a student of the University in the '70's, is an officer in the United States Army, and is stationed at Washington, D. C.

—George E. Clark of the class of '81, is not only a prominent member of the Indiana Bar, but also a lecturer of note. Mr. Clark has been engaged by the Columbia Lecture Bureau to deliver a series of lectures through the country during the winter months.

—M. B. Herbert, Jr., of Chicago, Illinois, paid us a short visit last Sunday. "Jim" was at one time one of Notre Dame's most prominent athletes. He was a member of our famous relay team, Kirby, Guerin, Staples and Herbert, and was captain of the track team in 1902.

—Right Rev. Bishop Burke of Cheyenne, Mo., who was a student of Notre Dame in '66, has the largest and finest Dantean library in existence. This distinguished prelate has always been an admirer of the great Italian poet, Dante, and has by constant search and unceasing effort gathered together the collection of books that make his library such a veritable treasure-house of poetic lore.

—Visitors' registry for the week:—Joseph M.

O'Brien, Jackson, Mich.; Julius Loiser, Chicago, Illinois; R. J. Kasper and Mrs. P. J. Kasper, Chicago, Illinois; Miss Emma Miller and Miss Jennie T. Miller, Elgin, Illinois; M. C. Pearson, Chicago, Illinois; D. H. Bunbury, Miss D. H. Bunbury, the Misses Maude and Winifred Murphy, Niles, Michigan; Mr. B. L. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Flook, Mrs. G. H. Rempe, Mr. D. J. Lyon, Mrs. A. L. Cavanaugh, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hemsley, Chicago; Mrs. E. Rude, St. Louis, Mo.

On the Minim Campus.

The most lively spot at the University during the past two weeks was the Minims' campus. Every day, without fail, the enthusiastic athletes of St. Edward's Hall gathered on the gridiron to battle for honors. As beautifully designed monograms will be given to the victorious teams of the different classes, the contests were indeed spirited. Snow and cold were trifling obstacles to the plucky little fellows. That the series might be finished before the close of the season, it was found necessary to play two games every day. The most interesting of the three series was that in which two teams, composed of the best players in the Hall, strove untiringly to win not only the championship, but also the coveted "M. S."—the Minim Special monogram.

Master Cornell, the agile young athlete, did not play on either of these teams as his great ability would place his opponents at too great a disadvantage. From the start, Captain Roberts and his team went out to win the series. They took the first two games; but in third contest neither side was able to score. Then Captain Connolly, upon whom our management would do well to keep an eye, came to the front. On two successive days he left the field with victory to his credit.

Last Tuesday the decisive game was called; and as the oval rose into the air on the kick-off, determination to conquer marked every brow. For twenty minutes the ball moved up and down the field without crossing the goal-line. Frequently Captain Connolly and Yrissari circled the ends for long gains, only to lose the ball on a fumble or on downs. Holloran and J. Brennan would then smash through their opponents for several yards, but were unable, however, to reach the goal.

In the second half McFadden's rushes and the long end runs of his gritty little captain, brought the ball to Roberts' five yard line. McFadden was then sent through the line for a touchdown, and the championship of St. Edward's Hall was won. W. Gasman, E. Frossard and J. Prada also deserve special mention for their excellent work.

Local Items.

—The showing made by the ex-Minims against the third team scored the Minims out, and now the latter refuse to play.

—Lost—A pear-shaped pearl pin with two gold leaves attached. Finder, please return to Father Ready's office and receive reward.

—The chapel in St. Joseph's Hall, which from lack of room had to be abandoned last year, has been restored and Mass is celebrated there every morning.

—All orators, debaters and elocutionists should have regard for the feelings of their fellow-students and close their transoms and windows while rehearsing.

—The Carroll Specials defeated Corby's second team last Sunday by a score of 6 to 0. The playing of Kreer for Carroll and that of Smith for Corby were the features.

—J. Parker has been elected captain of the Brownson Hall track team for the coming season. The new captain is a hustler, and promises to do his utmost to keep the championship in Brownson.

—The ex-Minims were defeated by the third team of Carroll Hall last Sunday by the score of 6 to 0. The features of the game were Symonds' punting, "Red" Powell's line charging and McDermott's all-around work.

—Since the cold weather has set in several Sorinites have passed the afternoon recreation in gymnastic exercises under the able instruction of Mr. Gardiner. Instruction will be given free of charge to members of the senior class.

—It may be early to prophesy, but yet we venture to assert that there will be no dearth of spring poetry when sparkling waters babble over the stony bottom of the beautiful woodland rill that is under way of construction to connect the two lakes.

—A Sorinite who belongs to the N. Y. State Club went out hunting last week and returned empty handed. He claimed, however, that he had been very close to game. It was learned later that he had met another more successful sportsman with three rabbits.

—Notre Dame was well represented on the gridiron Thursday. While the Varsity was showing the fine points of the game to Wabash at Crawfordsville, Sorin was playing at Valparaiso, Brownson at Michigan City and an inter-Hall team at Springbrook Park, South Bend.

—Bring your skates to Carroll reading-room and have them ground and put in good order while you are waiting for the new rink to freeze over. You can also be supplied with second-hand skates at a very low price in the same place. First come first served.

—Brownson Hall will have an excellent advantage to enjoy skating during the winter. A large portion of their level campus has been enclosed, and as soon as it gets cold enough will be flooded from the local water-works. The new rink will have many advantages over the lake. It can be kept clean much easier, and will be close to the gym which is always heated.

—Few perhaps are aware of the fact that a novel and important experiment is being carried on right here at Notre Dame. A certain student is attempting to perfect a system by which snow can be conveyed from the cold regions to the far south. The first trial was a failure: the snow packed in a common pasteboard box failed to reach its destination, but nothing deterred, he is now busily engaged upon a new plan.

—This year the popularity of Corby Hall extends not only to her pre-eminence in educational and athletic lines but to her musical abilities as well. In this latter respect she is like Orpheus or Amphion of old, were we to judge by the delighted audience that nightly attends from the less-favored halls to her entertainments. Let this spirit of hospitality reign in all the halls, and in the meanwhile give all due credit to Corby.

—Few saw the monster that was hurrying down the front boulevard on last Sunday morning. From a distance it had the appearance of a snorting engine, but at half a block was revealed a bicycle upon which was perched a gamin with a pipe of huge proportions in his teeth. A few strokes of a cane were inflicted with the result that the surroundings reverberated for some time with abundant black and blue phrases which no one stopped to unravel.

—A meeting of the members of the Sophomore class was held in Sorin Hall last Saturday evening for the purpose, of organizing and electing officers. Mr. Lamprey, who was elected temporary chairman, called the meeting to order after which the following officers were elected: President, Addis E. Lally; Vice-President, Alex. W. McFarland; Secretary and Treasurer, John F. Shea. Before the meeting adjourned, resolutions were passed expressing the sympathy of the class with Father Ready in his recent bereavement.

—On Tuesday morning when the members of the first Greek class had assembled to give their usual recitations, they met with one of those pleasant surprises that are always joyfully welcomed by students of such classes. Their professor read for them a very carefully written lecture on Plato's "Republic," and as the time was too limited to finish the whole and as the reading had proved so interesting, the members prevailed upon him to continue the same on the following morning. These lectures are prepared for

the purpose of making the student acquainted with the works of such authors as are not included in the regular course, and it is to be hoped that the intervals between them will be short. We shall welcome the next one.

—Winter has no terrors for the Minim. St. Edward's Hall possesses so many diversions and attractions to while away the long dreary hours that winter is welcomed in Minimland as heartily as spring or summer. In addition to the game room, containing a piano and games of every kind and description, and the reading-room which is supplied with the best juvenile books, the Minim has a large play hall and well-equipped gymnasium to take the place of the snow-covered campus. In the play hall track meets are held, indoor baseball is practised and roller skating and other sports are enjoyed. A toboggan slide, erected in the yard behind the hall, is constantly in use during recreation hours. With such amusements and pleasures it is not strange that St. Edward's has gained the reputation of the most cheerful hall in the University.

—Last Wednesday evening the St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society met. The programme commenced with the debate "Resolved, That W. J. Bryan is the most desirable democratic candidate for 1904." E. O'Flynn and his colleague, James V. Cunningham, strongly supported the question, while P. Malloy and E. Miller of Corby Hall upheld the negative. Perce, Zink and Sheehan acted as judges and decided in favor of the negative. John J. Cunningham gave a recitation which was followed by T. Toner's relating the history and progress of the "Jury Procedure." J. Sheehan kept all in laughter with his witticisms. The question, "Whether Mayor Harrison is justified in taking such a large force of the Chicago police from their regular duty and turning them over to the city railroad company," was thrown open for general discussion, after which the meeting adjourned till next Wednesday evening.

—An enthusiastic meeting was held in the law room Tuesday evening to receive the report of the Sorin Hall piano committee. The chairman of the committee reported that there was a scarcity of pianos in South Bend, which explained the reason of the quiet in the reading-room of late. A member of the committee then said he believed a piano could be got in Elkhart. But a motion that the committee be allowed to appropriate sufficient money of the piano fund to defray their expenses to Elkhart to investigate was voted down by the house. The order of business was then suspended and a motion was made that E. Canedo be allowed to deliver an oration. The motion aroused a spirited debate, but after several ballots had been taken, it was carried, and Mr. Canedo took the floor and delivered Ingersoll's Oration on Napoleon. The meeting

then adjourned until next week when the committee will again report.

—Last Thursday the newly-organized Western Club, accompanied by a number of guests, entertained at the Oliver Hotel. After a course dinner, the party boarded a car for Elkhart where they spent a most pleasant afternoon. On the trip enthusiastic speeches were delivered by Professor Mahoney, Father Hennessy and the remaining officers. Charles Rush, on behalf of the Indiana State Club, congratulated the Westerners on the success of their outing, and A. Zang spoke for the Pennsylvania Club. Elkhart was "done" from one end to the other, the High School being the special point of interest. The merchants of the city are in full sympathy with all excursionists from Notre Dame as is proven by their courteous treatment. The members of the Western Club thank Professor Mahoney and Father Hennessy for their kindness in accompanying them last week. The guests are grateful to the Club for its hospitality.

—Although some critics consider hockey even rougher than football, still it bids fair to attain great popularity at Notre Dame this winter. Such a sport will no doubt afford the students much pleasure, and, what is more important, will enable them to take out-door exercise, for hockey is essentially an open-air game. A rink is at present being prepared on the Brownson campus. Much credit is due the Brownson Hallers for the active part they took in securing the rink, but especially is Bro. Hugh to be thanked. Last winter, as the old students will recall, a temporary rink was constructed, but the one now nearing completion will be a vast improvement over the old both in size and general details. The plan suggested last year of organizing an inter-hall hockey league has been revived, and no doubt it will result successfully. There are many students in each hall who know the game and have played it before coming to Notre Dame, and we suggest that such men meet, elect their officers and enter actively into forming this proposed league. The games, besides interesting the players themselves would furnish a needed source of amusement to the members of the different halls. The Corbyites are so enthusiastic over the prospect of forming the association that they have even at this early date begun practice. The smoking-room is the rink, newspapers rolled tightly serve as sticks and a chunk of wood takes the place of the regulation "puck." Exciting games are played nightly before a large crowd of admiring rooters. The ability of the numerous candidates indicates that Corby will have a winning team, and unless the other halls begin immediately their men will be in no condition to cope with Corby when the series opens.